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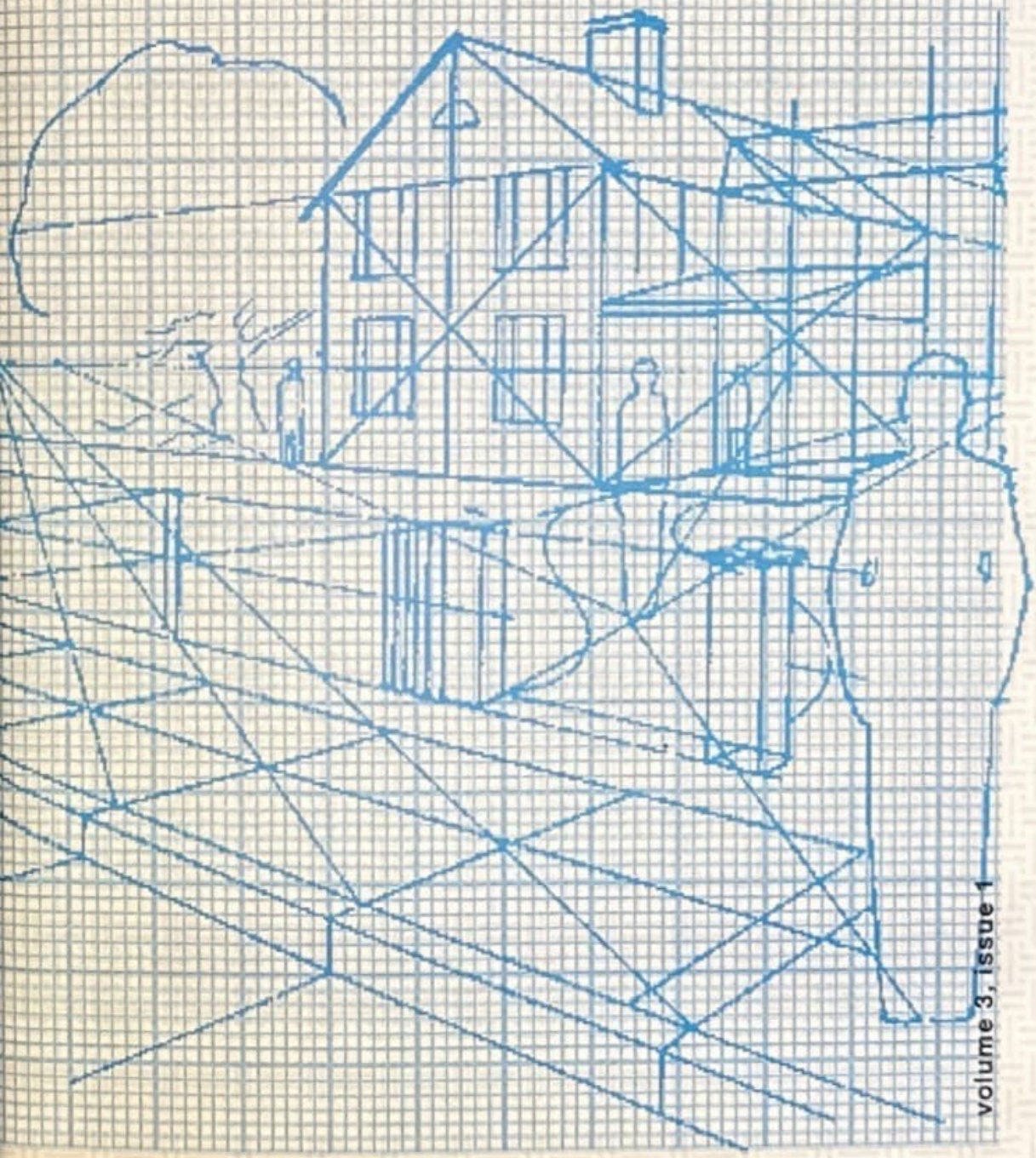
loud paper

dedicated to increasing the volume of architectural discourse



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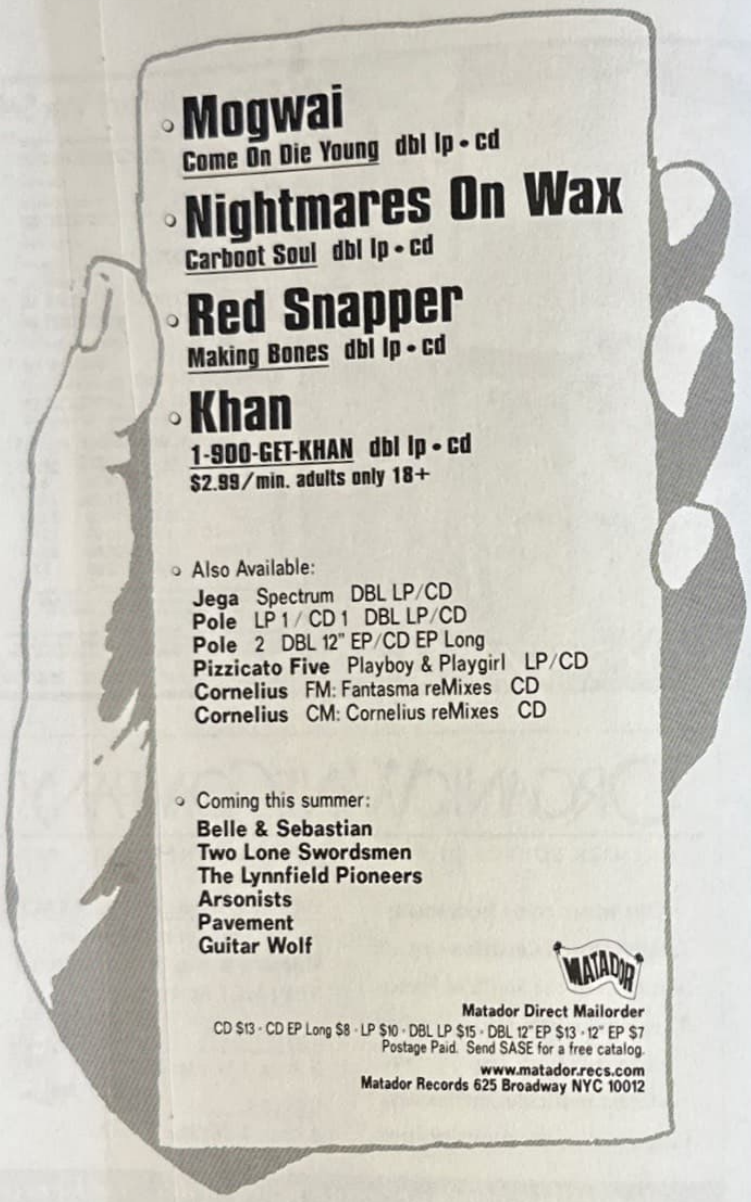
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[1] adam boroian

about **loud paper**

loud paper is a zine dedicated to increasing the volume of architectural discourse. It is a slambamgetitoutthere way of linking architectural thoughts, musings and new work with the culture at large.

loud paper is open to all students, architects, educators, girls about town, dear Johns and critics as a place for writing loud about architecture and culture.

Submissions of articles, projects, book and music reviews are encouraged.

Editorial
Mimi Zeiger
Jeremy Xavier

More Editorial
Melinda Silva

Contributors
Alan Bisbort
Adam Boroian
Laurel Charles
Karen Dere
Elisabeth Dubin
Herzog & de Meuron
Landho Studio
Jennifer Pevec
Molly Curtin
Ryan Van Luchene

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Contact *loud paper* at:
loudpaper@excite.com
or
loud paper c/o Mimi Zeiger
1521 LeRoy Avenue
Berkeley, California 94708

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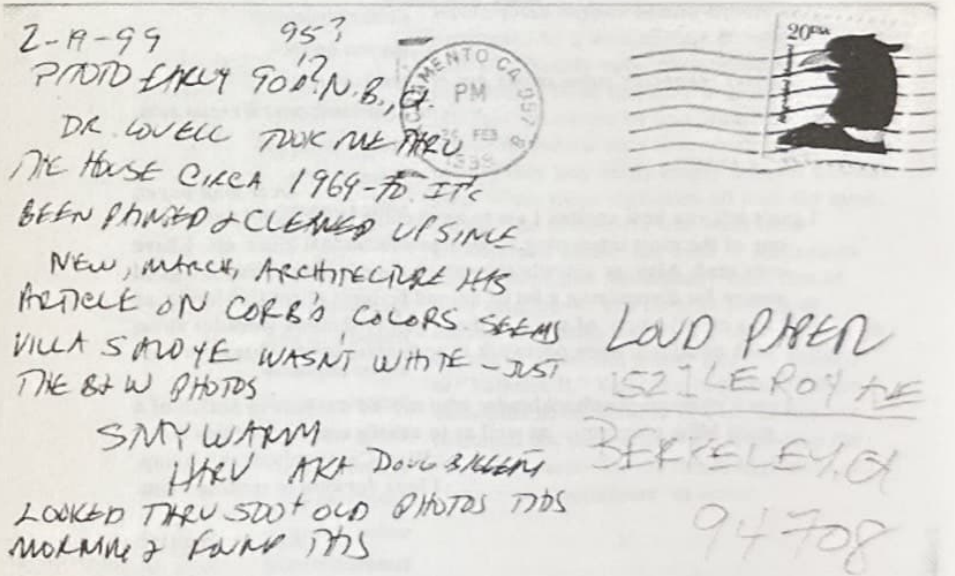


loud paper welcomes your letters and postcards.

2.14.99 **Happy Valentine's Day**

Dear *loud paper*,

I live in Duke City, better known as Albuquerque. This is a city that increasingly consists of more and more parking lots and plasma donor centers. Dormant volcanoes hedge one border and great white suburbs hem me in to my left. Regardless, it is a place of some interest. Rt. 66 bisects the city proper. The proverbial "homeless" frequent 60's built glass and plastic motels by the dozen. Large, abandoned bowling alleys throw a nice clean arc into a huge South Western sky. Several residents have built some outside "environments" that vary from the standard naked headless baby doll ensemble to a long-standing obsession with frogs. My point is that there may be some articles of interest here and I would be happy to supply them, if you would be so kind as to send me the guidelines for submission.

Sincerely,
Mary Blackburn

Ed. Note:
Queries regarding submissions are always welcome at loudpaper@excite.com.

4.12.99

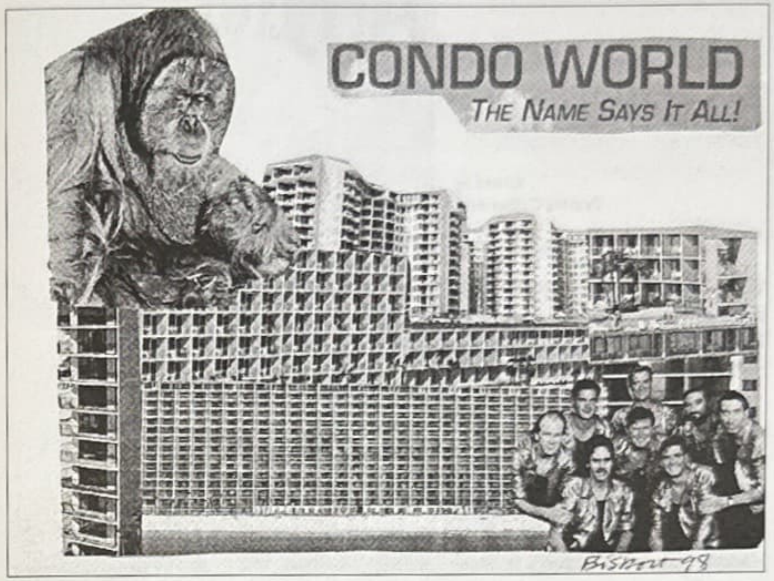
Dear *loud paper*,

I can't tell you how excited I am to have come across *loud paper*. It is one of the most interesting as well as educational zines, etc. I have ever read. Also, as a newly transplanted eastcoater, I find it a good source for discovering a lot of unique features about California, as well as a clarification of some of those quirky things I wounder about – such as all that open ductwork in restuants, cafes, what have you.

I am a photographer/bookbinder who moved out here in search of a good MFA program ... as well as to satisfy some curiosities about West Coast culture and living.
I look forward to reading more.

Kiristen Murtagh

P.S.
So where do all those ex-baggy shorts Vans/Converse wearing post-indie cynics from the bay area collect themselves in the late nineties?



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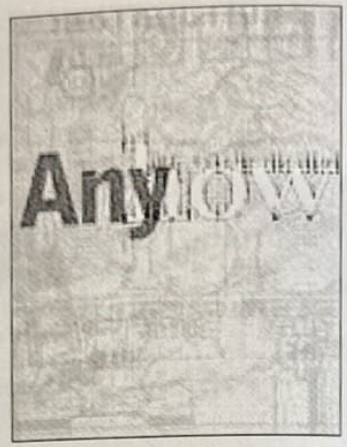
maisson malfeasance

South Florida's Gold Coast, from Jupiter Island south beyond Miami Beach, is dominated by a domino-line of interchangeable stiltifyingly ugly condominiums. The units inside these towering soul-deadening infernos are owned by part-time residence and/or rented out on a time-share basis. Mostly they stay eerily empty for over half the year. While these high-rises all look the same, each of the developers who built these architectural insults has tried to distinguish their own phallic monstrosity from that of their neighbor's. The favorite ploy is to assume a jauntily aristocratic identity through the use of a fanciful name, like "La Maison" or "Valhalla II." Since construction of these monoliths never seem to end, no matter how bottomed out the market falls, I propose the following names for the future high-rises and "luxury condominiums" to come:

○

alan bisbort



Anyhow

Edited by
Cynthia C. Davidson
1998
Anyone Corporporation, The MIT Press

WHEN asked to read *Anyhow* and write a review of it for *loud paper*, I was excited, but reluctant. Excited because in the year since I finished thesis at SCI-Arc and left California, I have steered clear of architecture books. I felt overloaded after finishing up 6 1/2 years of architecture school and was in no mood for reading anything where I needed Deleuze/Guattari's *A Thousand Plateaus* as a companion guide. I was also reluctant because architectural texts have a reputation of being utterly unreadable. This is not a new observation, but architectural texts tend to be in a language that is at best exclusionary; a dialect that subverts any meaning that one might hope to take away. But lately, I've been craving a good discussion about architectural theory. My job, although providing good experience, wasn't filling that need.

A little introduction to the Any series of books. Proceeding *Anyhow*, were *Anyone, Anywhere, Anyway, Anyplace, Anywise,* and *Anybody.* Yet to come are *Anytime* (1999), *Anymore* (2000), the conference for which will take place this summer in Paris; and Anything (2001). Each book represents the documentation of a conference, held by the Any Corporation, in a different city every year since 1990. There is also *Any Magazine* and an Any web site (www.anycorp.com). The Anyhow conference took place in Rotterdam in June 1997.

Anyhow is divided up into five sections: Tools, Organization, Process; Infrastructure, Distribution; Money, Market, Policy; Time, Information, Numbers; and Project, Program, Future. Each of the 24 essays by prominent architects and theorists, fit neatly into a particular section. At the end of each section, is a discussion where all of the Any conference participants (including an audience) react to the essays.

There are several essays that are readable, but require several reference books, a dictionary and a great deal of patience. I was surprised at how lacking the text was in innovation and imagination. The phrases "as we approach the end of the millennium" and "with all these new technologies" do not appear anywhere in *Anyhow.* The book appears tired with itself, and the participants seem to feel their efforts have become redundant.

However, there are some genuinely provocative essays in the book, but one of the book's strongest features is also its weakest: the length of its essays. Running five to ten pages with illustrations, the pieces are non-intimidating. I read most of them on the commute to work or at lunch. The short length was also a bummer. Just when I got into an essay, it ended.

The discussion sections are where the book comes alive; where the participants drop their prepared statements and react to each other. Although certain participants get a bit defensive when they feel their excellence is questioned, the discussion sections are excellent reads. They help to tie together the essays in each section, but I would have thought that a book entitled *Anyhow* would have included descriptions of *how* architects work and *how* their design process is changing.

Although the book has its weak points, I sent in a check for a subscription to *Any Magazine.* In the end, an idea like the Any conferences is the direction that we, as architects, want to be moving in. Even if the conferences and books are becoming a bit redundant, it's better than no discussion at all. But get a subscription to *loud paper* first.

Anyhow, a few excerpts from my favorite essays:

"In 1953 Louis Kahn proposed a strategy for the center of Philadelphia based on a representation of motion: the conventional plan was rendered completely dynamic by thousands of signs indicating the movement of flows. The city could not be understood as a system of spaces generated by the mass of the buildings or the gaps between them. Rather, buildings were merely the edges around which cars, public transportation, and pedestrian traffic. The structure of urban space was seen as the result of systems of frictions of varying degrees of viscosity, producing turbulence at the points of contact and different densities within the flows themselves. The possibility of representing these phenomena proved itself to be seriously limited. Kahn's beautiful drawings are in effect a kind of palimpsest of a form that could only be measured and shaped from the inside. The metaphor of the liquid form may prove deceptive if we think about its representation, that is, about the classical form of aquatic architecture such as plays of water, the fountains, and cascades of the gardens at Tivoli or Versailles."

from: ignasi sola-morales, "liquid architecture"

"The journey was in a time linked to space, in a harmonious, coherent whole. This is what happens when the path is an integral part of the trip, when the process of getting there is virtually as important as the goal. But with the increasing importance of the desire to reach the goal, roads have been stretched tight, straightened and set apart from the land, remote from it. The outcome is a different view of the landscape, with the eye skimming over it in a more general, synthetic, and rapid way. Because nothing matters but reaching the goal quickly and travel time is seen as a negative factor of excessive duration, our relationship to the landscape has been destroyed. We need security barriers to protect us from our own speed, sound-reduction walls to shield us from the excessive noise, and bridges and tunnels to yield the straightest, quicker and straighter, the road requires our undivided attention. Ultimately, the epitome of the efficient road is a tunnel. We are all aware that space and time are linked- no need to call on Einstein to explain that. It's an everyday experience. When one loses its value, so does the other. They only exist together. The greater our desire to be there already, the less our pleasure in being here and now."

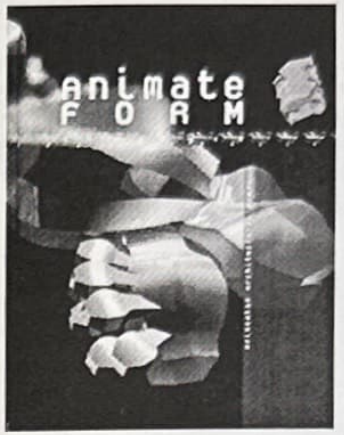
from: paul andreu, "tunneling"

"Is there any way for a building, public or private, large or modest, to be declared "historic" or a "landmark" without a reference to the past or to "style"? Is there any way for architecture to deal with "history" in its very process or activity, as well as in its appearance, in terms of structure or form? One of the most common criticisms of modernist architecture is that it had no concern for history. Indeed, the ideology of modernity implied a rupture with the past, under the labels of newness or rationality or both. As Walter Gropius once said, "Modern architecture is not a new branch added to an old tree, but a new growth, that sprouts directly from the roots." The new architecture of the "moderns" involved a projection into the future, the very notion of "project" being related to the forthcoming dimension of time, to the opening of things to come, things to conceive and construct, things to "plan" and to "project", eventually to the detriment of the remnants of the past. Project and utopia hand in hand, as Manfredo Tafuri recognized. For the Constructivists, history had to do with expectations rather than with memories; with looking forward rather than with looking back; with construction rather than with conservation."

from: hubert damisch, "how we deal with history"

"The Eames House was itself a rearrangement of an earlier version. After the steel had arrived at the site, Eames decided to redesign the house. He put the same set of steel parts together in a completely new way. Not just the frame got rearranged. Rather than produce a complete, fixed environment for the postwar consumer, the Eameses offered a variety of components which the individuals could construct themselves. Their own house was a paradigm: panels shift, furniture moves in and out. The house became a kind of testing ground for all their work. Everything moves in the end. Only the basic frame stays still, and this frame is meant to be almost invisible. A necessary prop, no more than that. As Esther McCoy wrote in a caption for an image of trees reflected on the glass walls of the Eames house: "After thirteen years of living in a house with exposed steel frame, Ray Eames said, 'The structure long ago ceased to exist. I am not aware of it.' They lived in nature and its reflections- and reflections of reflections." The house dissolves in a play of reflections, restless images that immediately caught the eye of the world."

from: beatriz colomina, "reflections on the eames house"



Animate Form

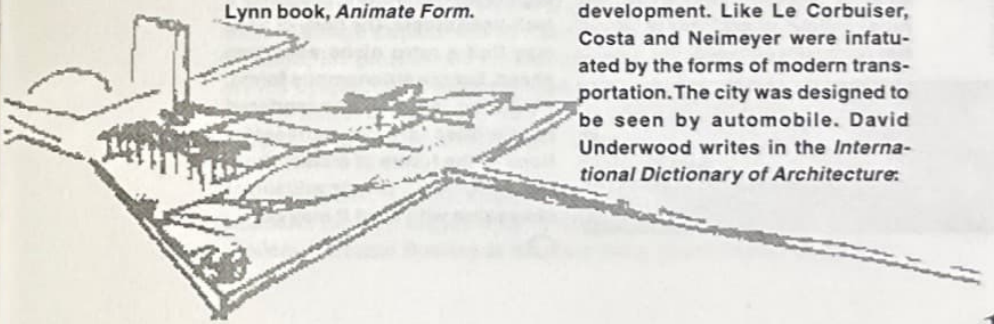
Greg Lynn
1999
Princeton Architectural Press

BRASILIA has been haunting me for some time. It just keeps coming up everywhere: a millennial chic building project. Case in point: Matt Groening's new animated series, *Futurama*, takes the capital city as its model. Iara Lee is filming her new movie there and Paul Gold-berger has dubbed it *the* retro icon. Until its *fin-de-sicle* renaissance, Brasilia was viewed as failure 367 in Corbusian-style urbanism, a *Plan Voisin* inspiration that should have remained a visionary design. As selective memory looks back to Brasilia, the soul numbing apartment blocks are carefully avoided in favor of the soaring civic monuments sculpted from concrete.

It is strange how pop culture has a way of blending two seemingly opposites into a whole. I found myself reading an article in the *New Yorker* on the modernist utopia Brasilia and thinking about the new Greg Lynn book, *Animate Form*.

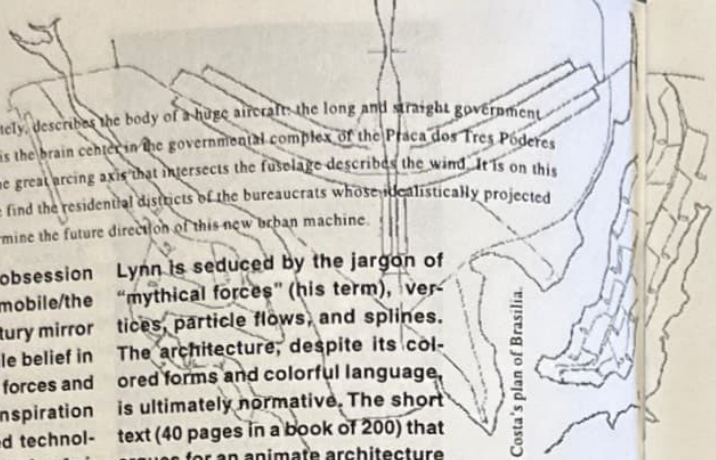
The meeting of the skate-ramp gestures of Brasilia and the gycerine soap formalism of Greg Lynn's projects (as published in his new monograph) is a bringing together of future concepts for form. While neither architect would relish a formalist name-tag, what was the future of mid-century and what proports to be the new future of architecture are both exercises in form that stem from a Cubist/Surrealist attempt to capture motion and time in buildings. Think three-dimensional *Nude Descending a Staircase* or a computer generated Brancusi.

For architect Oscar Neimeyer and planner Lucio Costa, the site of Brasilia was a *tabula rasa* ready to take a life's collection of architectural shapes and gestures. Built in 1960, it is a modernist symbol of the ambition of, then president, Juscelino Kubitschek, for Brazil's development. Like Le Corbuiser, Costa and Neimeyer were infatuated by the forms of modern transportation. The city was designed to be seen by automobile. David Underwood writes in the *International Dictionary of Architecture*:



Costa's sketch of the Govermental Axis.

mimi zeiger



Costa's Brasilia plan, appropriately, describes the body of a huge aircraft: the long and straight government axis is the fuselage, its cockpit is the brain center in the governmental complex of the Praca dos Tres Poderes (Plaza of the Three Powers). The great arcing axis that intersects the fuselage describes the wind. It is on this curving "domestic" axis that we find the residential districts of the bureaucrats whose idealistically projected rational behaviors were to determine the future direction of this new urban machine.

Neimeyer and Costa's plan of Brasilia.

Neimeyer and Costa's obsession with velocity (the automobile/the airplane) is the mid-century mirror of Greg Lynn's wholesale belief in the use of computerized forces and vectors. Both derive inspiration from the most advanced technology at hand. In the credits for *Animate Form*, Lynn thanks animation supplier and supporters Silicon Graphics, Alias Corporation and Wavefront Systems.

The broad strokes with which each architect paints the interior space of his buildings offers more similarities between Neimeyer and Lynn. At Brasilia, the multitudes of governmental buildings are fancy concrete façades wrapped around simple steel and glass office buildings. Lynn, as seen especially at the Yokahama Port Terminal, transforms the façade wrapper in to a three-dimensional shell. Seemingly organic animated forms morph from the ground plane, to the roof, and back down again. Despite the utter complexity of the models, the hand drawn section is as flat as the roof on an International style building. The pancake floors meet the project's gently undulating skin in an undefined manner that even the most rollout of architects would not leave unresolved.

From *Animate Form*: Yokohama Port Terminal
View toward the departure and arrivals terminal from the moss garden at the ocean end of the site

Lynn is seduced by the jargon of "mythical forces" (his term), vertices, particle flows, and splines. The architecture, despite its colored forms and colorful language, is ultimately normative. The short text (40 pages in a book of 200) that argues for an animate architecture is undermined by the images that fill the other 160. The CD ROM that comes with *Animate Form* offers few actual animations studies for buildings. Most of the video clips on the CD ROM are fly-by or rotating views in which the architecture is static and the viewpoint of the observer is animate.

The problem with staying *au-courant* is that the technology will slip by as you try to document it. Lynn's work already is begining to feel as alien and dated as Brasilia. His use of shaping the building envelope by means of natural site forces seems selective and lacking in non-vector forces: urban, aesthetic or cultural, at each site. A phase portrait used at the Port Authority Gateway Competition creates a sterile representation of a rich urban hub.

Animate Form, as a text describing the present future, proposes a tech-head utopia. The body of work may find a retro niche sometime ahead, but the autonomous forms, shrouded in computer-rendered possibilities, are not representations of the future of architecture, but documents of our millennial obsession with what it may be.

○

with respect to the dead ... the daphne funeral home

Courtesy of the Coalition to Save the Daphne.

I think I'll come over in the middle of the night, with a ladder.

Michael Blackford is standing with me in front of the Daphne Funeral Home at the corner of Church and Herman Streets in San Francisco.

Photo: E. Dubin

I'd like to grab some of those vertical siding pieces from a less conspicuous area of the building, get on the ladder, and just replace the broken ones ...

The new handful of splintered siding that now stands out against an unadorned background of redwood is an eyesore. Michael, a cabinetmaker by trade, is going to do a vigilante repair job on the siding; he neither owns the property nor lives on site, yet he doesn't want this blemish to remain. If this structure gives the impression of being in disrepair, the state may be that much less likely to nominate it to the National Register of Historic Places.

pretty... or pretty ugly

The story at One Church Street in San Francisco started in the late 1940's when Nicholas Daphne, a patron of modern architecture, commissioned Frank Lloyd Wright to design a local expression of modernism in the form of a funeral services parlor for the Mint Hill area. Although Daphne was an admirer of the California modern aesthetic, his professional relationship with the renowned architect proved dysfunctional before ground was broken. He then turned to A. Quincy Jones, of Jones and Emmons in Los Angeles, to realize his vision and version of modernism.

Jones delivered in 1953; Daphne's San Francisco Funeral Service embodies the Bay Region style. This building is quintessentially Modern. Terrazzo flooring at the main entry glides evenly under floor-

Photo: E. Dubin

to-ceiling glazing that seems to only reluctantly acknowledge a transition from outside to in. A ramp rises to meet a second level that hangs delicately over the driveway, supported by thin steel posts. Not unlike other modern structures, the little commercial building was inadvertently ahead of its time with respect to disabled-accessibilty codes that require these kinds of seamless transitions from inside to out, and from one level to another.

The Daphne's free plan illustrates a modernist's take on materiality; it is obsessed with the separation of building functions into zones composed of distinct architectural features; and, though the Modernists would deny it, most casual viewers give it the wavering horizontal thumb. In spite of some of this glowing language, they think it's sort of ugly.

Today, I am here with Blackford, who lives across the street. We've been discussing the recent turn of events that has threatened to destroy this, the view from his one-window Herman St. apartment, hoping Daphne's widow doesn't come around and ask us to leave the property before we've had a chance to talk about it together and take some photos. After all, we *are* trespassing. From what Blackford's has told me, I'm guessing that Mrs. Daphne has no desire to see disciples of California modernism or other would-be preservationists interfere with her already difficult decision to sell her late husband's modest treasure to an affordable housing developer. He says she has been especially vigilant these days.

affordable housing in san francisco

The term is a catch phrase around the Bay Area, a sound-byte. Since I work in the non-profit housing development field, I use it or hear it used many times a day. In the Tenderloin and even in the Financial District, it's hard to not to notice that homelessness and poverty in the inner-city loom just as bitter and desperate, if not more so, than in other large American cities like New York and Los Angeles. I have visited sites where affordable housing is under construction and been approached by people on the street who ask, "Please, when will it be ready? We're waiting." With the cost of housing on the rise

for every economic class – a room in a shoddy single-room-occupancy hotel in the Tenderloin can go for five-hundred bucks a month – the development of affordable housing is critical.

Bridge Housing is a local developer working to address this need. The organization wants to build 93 units of affordable housing on the Daphne site, which it has been in the process of purchasing over the past year. At the time of negotiation, Bridge was confident that the preservation issue posed no threat to new construction because the Daphne was younger than the requisite 50 years of age to be considered for landmark status.

But, despite her relative youth (and despite the nobility of Bridge's intent), several forces have mobilized to stop the demolition, whether Daphne is officially considered "historic" or not. San Francisco Heritage, San Francisco Beautiful, DOCOMOMO (Documentation and Conservation of buildings, sites and neighborhoods of the Modern Movement), as well as a local group, headed by Blackford and dubbed the Coalition to Save the Daphne, are determined to block Bridge's present proposal as it stands. Also among those offering support for the Daphne's preservation are Aaron Betsky, curator of architecture and design at San Francisco Museum of Modern Art; Mitchell Schwartzer, associate professor at California College of Arts and Crafts; Marc Treib, professor of architecture at U.C. Berkeley; Alan Hess, architecture critic, writer and educator; Ray Kappe, SCI-Arc founding director; and members of The Eichler Network, a group dedicated to preserving Eichler homes designed by architects like Jones and Emmons.

Now, in the spring of 1999, the conflict of interest between affordable housing advocates and preservationists has gained focus. Architects like Hess claim that "the goals of insuring San Francisco's architectural quality and diversity and of providing proper affordable housing need not be in conflict," yet here they may be, at least on the surface. What is an organization like Bridge Housing to think, after mounting enthusiasm for a generous development in a prime location, only to be countered by such opposition? And how are earnest supporters of the Daphne, like Blackford, to reconcile their love for a unique San Francisco landmark with their sincere desire to see an improvement in the city's housing shortage crisis?

Perhaps there is a need to examine *why* we preserve important elements of history in the first place. What *do* we gain, exactly, by saving the Daphne?

learning from the shoebox

"If a building is important to the character of a community and if it's beloved and recognized as a symbol, then it's a landmark [regardless of age]... as for underlying objective, age is probably unimportant. It's a question of what you can learn from a building."[1]

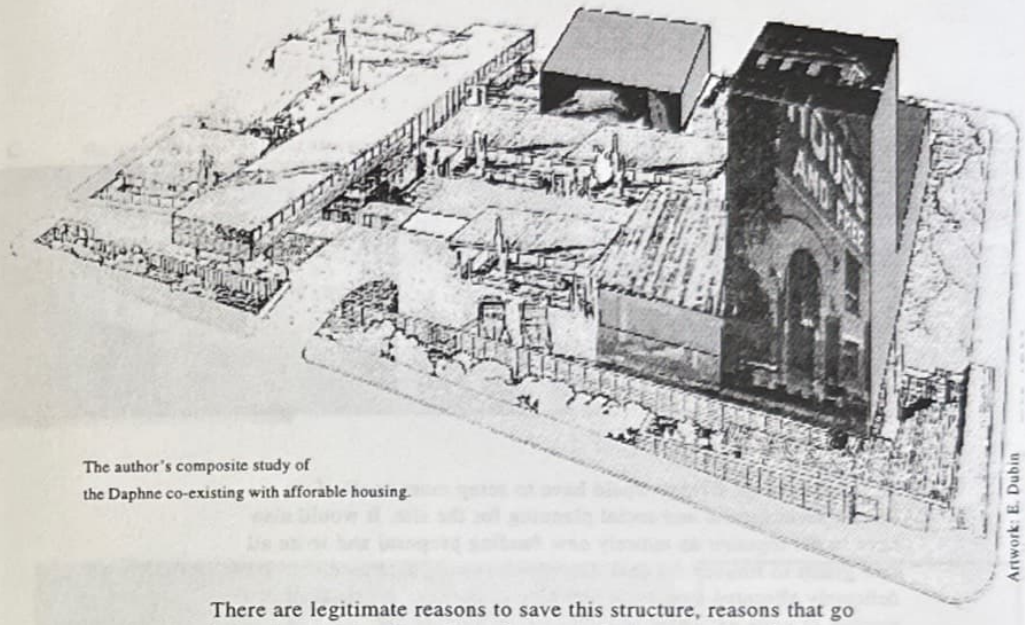
No doubt, the Daphne still has loads to teach us. Contemporary buildings erected in the later part of this century were constructed to a different standard, at a different pace, and to a different level of detail than those of previous eras. Now, components that used to be custom-designed are often ready-made or chosen from catalogs, based on cost or code or availability. In the arena of affordable housing design where money is tight and durability is key, this is sometimes even more likely to be the case. Given that, shouldn't we be even more sensitive to destroying an example from a time when buildings were still unique?

When I spoke to Mitchell Schwartzer of CCAC, I heard him echo these sentiments. 1) that the Daphne possesses a particular design excellence 2) that its scale and craft give it a singular status among San Francisco buildings 3) that for this uniqueness, it should be spared. "In any case, you'd want to preserve the best examples of the city's architectural diversity and history, or else people won't understand San Francisco," he remarked. "We can't say not to value it just because it's difficult to understand or embrace," referring to the building's questionable popularity among those not involved with the design fields (the majority of San Francisco, believe it or not).

Schwartzer and I also talked about civic values. When trying to determine what we gain from salvaging this building, is it important that the building still "resonate" within the city? Must it still be reflective of San Francisco's value system, in order to be worthy of preservation? Take a look at San Francisco (if you're close enough). This city is incredibly retro-active. The trend here is to wear 1950s clothes, dance to postwar music, drive 50s cars, and get our bangs cut really short and straight. If we appreciate all of this mid-century styling, doesn't San Francisco then value the Daphne? "People will come back to an interest in clean lines in architectural design, just as they have come back to 50s clothing and furniture," said Schwartzer.

1. In December of 1997, the magazine *Architecture* convened a meeting of important figures in historic preservation to discuss the purpose and future of the field, especially in the Western United States where 80 percent of the buildings have been built since World War II.

Quotes from Paul Westlake of Van Dilk Pace Westlake Architects, Cleveland, Ohio; and Paul Byard of Platt Byard Dovell, New York, New York.



The author's composite study of
the Daphne co-existing with afforable housing.

Artwork: E. Dubin

There are legitimate reasons to save this structure, reasons that go beyond satisfying the whim of a specialized population of designers and historians. But what of Bridge and the proposal for affordable housing? What do we do, now that we have two winning bidders in this battle for equal chunks of San Francisco's past and future?

an architecture of compromise

As we try to figure out how to deal with the controversy, we should look at the point where these factions split off and began to make trouble for each other. One solution might have been agreeable to both camps creates an adaptive re-use of the Daphne. The reclamation of the building, not unlike the rehabilitation of families through community efforts like the construction of affordable housing, would allow the Daphne to grow from a poorly maintained and unproductive structure to a living part of a bigger organism. This is the architecture of compromise, yet also a potentially funky and enlightened architecture (witness the magic of a well-conceived re-use).

It's probably too late for some fusion-inspired solution to happen here. This building may become an untouchable museum piece, if nominated to the National Register. Or, in spite of the preservationists' efforts, it may be torn down completely. But unless the ghost of Matta-Clark is there to meet the wrecking ball, there will be no gray area between full salvation and full demolition. Why can't the Daphne become a seed for some architect's imagination?

There may be many reasons, but the main factor differentiating this building from the examples by ROTO, Tschumi and Fisher Friedman, is that in the latter three projects the integration of an existing structure was a priority from the start. Here, to consider an incorporation of the Daphne buildings into an affordable housing development

a b

at this late stage, Bridge would have to scrap most or all of its current architectural and social planning for the site. It would also have to put together an entirely new funding proposal and write all new grants to finance the deal. Developers struggle to assemble very delicately allocated monies; if anything changes in the makeup of the number of units dedicated to families, the number dedicated to AIDS sufferers, or the number dedicated to single men, millions of dollars are lost to Bridge and the funding scheme must be conceived anew. A non-profit like Bridge would be forced to pull out of the deal and the project would be lost.

better luck next time?

The fate of the Daphne is wrapped up in money, politics, conflicted interests, strong personalities and drama – nothing new in the world of conspicuous architecture. Currently, the application for eligibility to the National Register is still in process and is about to be submitted by San Francisco Heritage with help from the Coalition to Save the Daphne. Michael Blackford says he's optimistic about saving the buildings from demolition. Ruthy Talansky of Bridge told me she believes the Coalition will not be able to block the unconditional sale of the building, and that the development will proceed as intended.

In either case, the city gains one thing and loses another. If we had wanted to lose neither and gain more than the sum of two parts, we might have reused the existing buildings. As a community, we could be more watchful of our architectural resources *before* they are jeopardized, especially buildings that are not Edwardian or Victorian, but still worthy of preservation.

If the Daphne should fall, at least we can look at an affordable housing development as a positive addition to the city of San Francisco. If not, Blackford's front yard will remain tranquil, as Jones had intended, for another 50 years.

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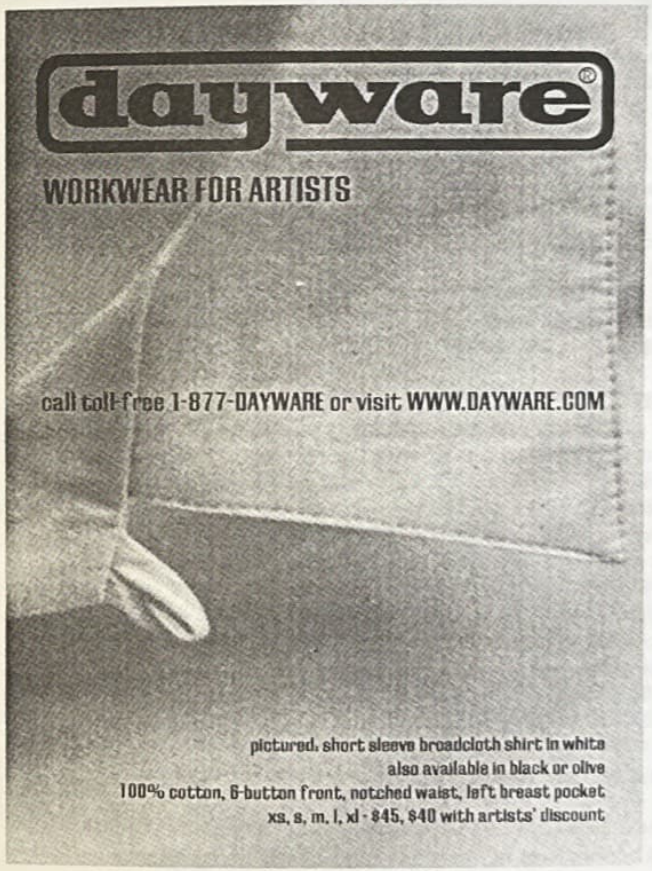
The three photographs on this page are illustrations of an Architecture of Compromise (from *Architecture*, February 1998.)

a. Bernard Tschiumi literally embraces an existing building (*Le Fresnoy National Studio for Contemporary Arts* in Tourcoing, France) with a metal canopy for circulation and mechanical systems.

b. Fisher Friedman floats new loft housing in the quite ruins of an S.F. warehouse.

c. ROTO: an existing powerstation-turned-house.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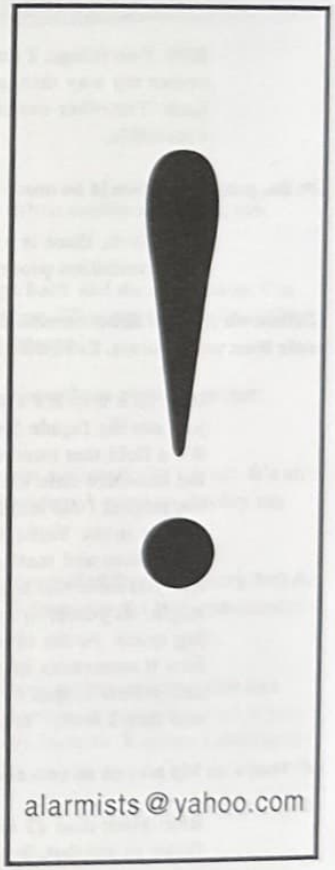


in full site: *loud* paper interviews Rigo 99

Artist Rigo 99 paints loud in public. His monumental murals, painted on the sides of buildings, take inspiration from the graphic intensity of traffic signs and advertising in order to communicate directly to a wide audience. Rigo's work, because of its scale, is an integral piece of the urban environment where it is displayed.

Originally from Madeira Island, Portugal, Rigo 99 has painted a significant amount of work in the San Francisco Bay Area and is shown both nationally and internationally.

Recently, over a glass of tea at an outside café near the U.C. Berkeley campus, loud paper *spoke to Rigo about architecture, the urban environment and his work.*

LP: What inspires you to do public space pieces? How did that come about?

R99: Two things, I guess. One is a response to the visual stimulation that comes my way through advertising and public announcements, sort of talking back. The other one is my desire to produce a type of art that is really accessible.

LP: So, public reaction is as much a part of the art as the artwork itself?

R99: Yeah, there is a clear intent to communicate or participate in the communication process with the public.

LP: How do you feel about communicating on an urban scale? Advertising is generally a smaller scale than your murals. Even billboards.

R99: In a way it's a slightly parasitical relationship to architecture because I just use the façade for support of something else. I look at architecture a lot. It's a field that interests me. The works, they wrestle away the meaning from the structure onto the surface. I think a place where that was most laid out was the project I did inside the Yerba Buena for the *Bay Area Now* exhibit. When you go in the Yerba Buena, there is this overhanging balcony that's really impressive and maybe oppressive, but it's very light, light grays and aluminum and you have this big stairwell. So, the space is letting you know about its might, its power as a special place for art, because they can afford to have this big space. At the same time, it wants to retain a sophistication and elegance in how it announces its power to you. So what I did there is I painted these black and yellow stripes on the overhang of the balcony going on the horizontal part and then I wrote "headroom" and then I measured it: 12 feet 6 inches.

LP: That's as big an ego as you can fit into the gallery.

R99: More than 12 feet 6 inches, you start hitting your head on the roof. That's funny to get that. So it became kind of heavy and like, "Woah, seems like this balcony can fall on me and crush me."

LP: So you are changing the perception of the architecture.

R99: Right, highlighting the power play at hand.

LP: How do you feel about your works blending back into their urban environments as the paint peels or do you maintain them?

R99: Some have disappeared already. Some I do go back and do restoration. I'm comfortable with them being attached to specific time. They are not really dealing in the forever realm; they are dealing in the present tense.

LP: Do you find when you work for museums that you are more conscious whether or not it is temporal?

R99: I'm conscious of the fact that the museum is not a neutral site for art. It's still very difficult for me approach a museum space as a neutral space to display my artwork. So, yeah, it comes into account.

LP: These new accolades like the *SECA* (Society for the Encouragement of Contemporary Art) *Art Award Exhibition* at SFMOMA or the *MATRIX* exhibition at the U.C. Berkeley Art Museum must put you in an awkward position in many ways.

R99: Yes, I'm still processing it. There is a freedom or a righteousness that can come from screaming from the sidelines as the procession is going by. And if you are also invited to be part of the procession, then you have to. It poses a rearrangement of strategy.

LP: Tactic versus strategy at that point?

R99: It becomes a target for someone else.

LP: How do you prep for one of your murals? Do you photograph or sketch?

R99: Both. I usually walk by the site a lot or drive by, depending. I try to find out where most of my public will be. It makes sense to put myself in their situation. I try to see how many different viewpoints the work can be encountered. That's mostly walking by, photographing, sketching, also by observing people's interactions near there.

LP: And you also work with some of the community groups and school groups?

R99: Depending on the site. Sometimes the site comes with a social context of its own, farther than just being part of the neighborhood. Sometimes I am not aware of that when I get into that situation. Usually the work ends up changing, reflecting that new environment that I wasn't aware of from the start.

LP: How do people feel about living with the work over time?

R99: I have heard different things. There are people who appreciate it as a somewhat more stable, more reliable feature of the urban landscape. If you look back tomorrow, maybe it's still there. I'm sure some of the people must find it just more noise, more clutter.

LP: Your work seems less noisy because of its simple form, with only a few colors. Content-wise it is not simple at all, but visually it has a weighty presence because of the simple formality.

R99: I try for that. The simplicity. Part of it might be just the social context in which I grew up – the punk aesthetic. *Never Mind the Bollocks* was made with four chords. My approach to communication is more intensive rather than extensive: high context rather than low context and as physical as possible. A lot of what the scale is about is just a strategy to be able to get physical.

LP: Do you intend to go into 3D?

R99: I wrap the 2D around the existing 3D.

The volume of the buildings and the volume of the space dictate quite a bit the formal arrangements, and that is exciting for me. I am getting more implicated in architecture, in the whole architectural discourse.

The most amazing thing that I have seen was this building in Hong Kong. It is an apartment building maybe twelve stories high and really narrow. Behind it is a big mountain and in front of it is the water. There is a portion of it, maybe three stories high and three slats across that's a hole. A three-story by three-apartment wide window.

It is there so that this mythical creature that lives on the mountain, a dragon, can fly from the mountain to the water and from the water to the mountain. It makes sense in sheer economic terms. People would not live in the building if they knew they were calling this bad luck onto themselves by preventing the dragon to get to the water. So, it is economically sound to lose 9 or 10 units of housing in order to protect this myth.

LP: A lot of your work calls attention to loss in the urban environment. Are you interested in calling attention to that loss and do you fear for the future of cities, as they become denser?

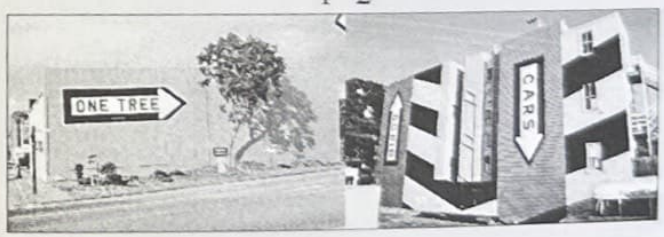
R99: Honestly, I have a love/hate relationship right now. I am absolutely fascinated by cities. I think they are super-stimulating and exciting, but I am aware that I am doing these works in American cities and that I am originally not from here. So, the larger context that I see my work in is that America exports so much of this fascination with the urban environment ... Gentlemen Prefer Blondes ... Things Go Better With Coke ... Come To Where The Flavor Is.

I came here consciously wanting to figure out how this cultural fascination mechanism was so efficient that it made everybody lose interest in their own stories and become interested in these stories. I have interiorized some of those strategies and used them to point a way in the opposite direction. Point to the Indian rather than to the Marlboro Man, point to the sky rather the than sky-scraper. The tree rather than the Nissan Pathfinder. The terrain rather than the map because the loudness with which the map from here is broadcast is so strong that it compelled me to come here and participate.

LP: So your outsider status gives you a lot of room for commentary.

R99: It is easy to feel foreign. But now I am forever stuck in that space. I go back to Portugal and I look at Portugal with the same sort of distance that I look at the US. In the process I have lost ... I belong more to that gap than to A or B. Which again, was a condition that we idolized growing up. I am not a member of the culture. I do treasure that space. To be able to look at things and not understand them.I treasure the chance to encounter the unfamiliar.
(continued on page 26)

1 2



1. *One Tree*, 1995 (Photo: Mark Eastman)
2. *Birds and Cars*, 1997 (Photo courtesy of SFMOMA)

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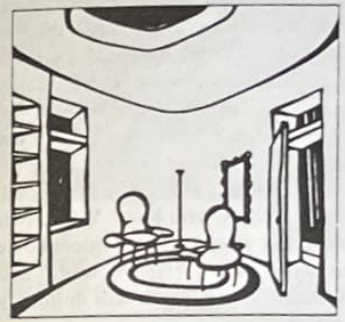
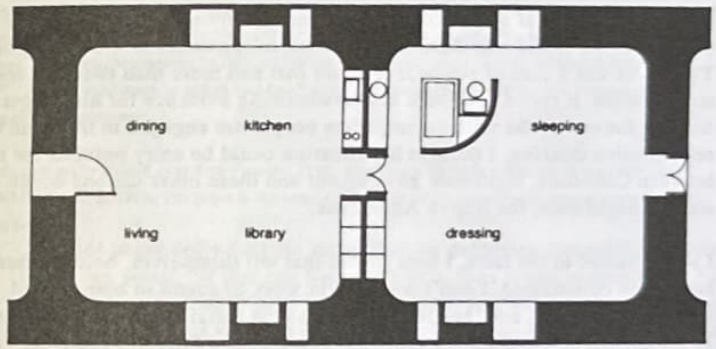




the concrete block house

(continued from page 23)

LP: What moved you to create the Leonard Peltier banner?[1] There are so many causes, why this one?

R99: The fear that one can have in these kind of situations is that there is a cause that is so honorable, so righteous that by associating yourself with the cause some of the righteousness will rub off on you. Like when Mandela came here and every politician wanted to take his photographs next to him. Just by being in a photograph next to Mandela at the end of the twentieth-century would make him a better politician because the man just exuded so much spiritual authority.
I fear becoming that.

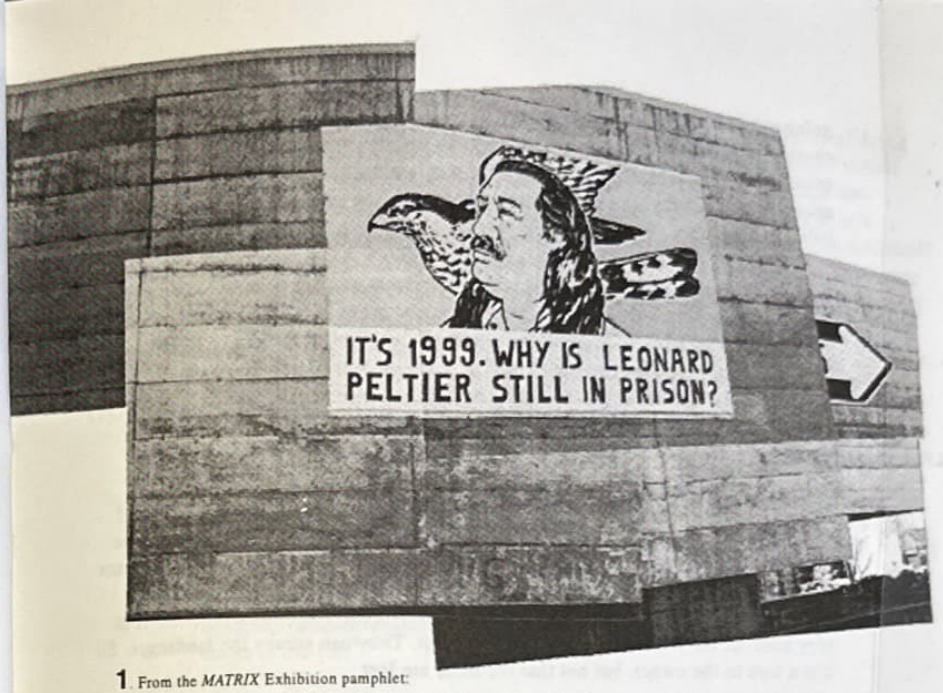
[The banner] came about because I did a series of works about Geronimo Ji Jaja and my level of involvement with his case grew from project to project and by happenstance he has been freed. It was good to see that sometimes the right thing happens. First I did this thing where I called him Geronimo Pratt. I wasn't aware that he didn't like to be called Geromimo Pratt. I did a work where I called him Geromimo Ji Jaja, and then I did this installation in Watts where he came to the opening with his wife within a month of being freed from prison. It was very personal. So, I wanted to increase the contact with him. I was talking with one of his best friends, Henry Douglas, the former Minister of Culture for the Black Panther Party. I said, "I would like to do something with him." If [Geronimo] wanted to paint a wall in Louisiana or Florida I would just volunteer some of my skills. I wondered what he would like to say or put up. [Henry] said, "You know what he will say: 'Free all political prisoners.'" Then, I was still doing my homework in regards to my project with Geronimo.

[Leonard Peltier] has been a concern of mine for some time. As a kid, my image of this part of the world was Bonanza, the Waltons; I saw those shows on Portuguese TV. So, he was a case of political prisoner that had more than two decades of incarceration. It seems that there is overwhelming evidence for him to get a new trial. At the end of the millennium, when people are engaged in this kind of retrospective thinking, I thought his situation could be entry point to the relations between California, legitimate government and these other nations which are now almost illegitimate, the Native Americans.

I was attracted to the facts. I love stories that tell themselves, because then I don't have to be opinionated. I don't want my to work to sound so opinionated. It is like: look, there is a tree, and then let the tree and the metal wall and all the cars going by do the rest of the talking. I feel that with Leonard Peltier's situation, I don't need to call him a political prisoner. I don't need to say that terrible injustices have been done to him, because I don't have the knowledge and I definitely don't have the proximity to the case to be making those lofty pronouncements. What I feel comfortable saying is "Wow, this thing, really blows my mind." So, it is 1999, which for me is associated with the future, and Leonard Peltier is in prison.

LP: There is something wrong here.

R99: "Why is this happening?" I am comfortable with asking the question. I'm comfortable with asking an uncomfortable question more than offering an answer. With Geronimo, I was four years old when he was imprisioned, from his description, a white kid, blue eyes, somewhere in the Atlantic on an island where the tri-continental trade slave was first tested. It wasn't from a proximity to the cause. ...



1. From the *MATRIX* Exhibition pamphlet:
It's 1999. Why is Leonard Peltier still in prison? refers to the Native American activist currently serving two life sentences at Leavenworth Federal Penitentiary for the alleged killing of two FBI agents during a shoot-out at the Pine Ridge Reservation in North Dakota in 1975. Since the trial, much of the circumstantial evidence used to convict Peltier has been proven erroneous, and witnesses have recanted. Rigo is among the many who believe that Peltier is being held for political reasons because of his importance in the American Indian Movement (AIM), which the FBI regards as extremist. Although imprisoned since 1977, Peltier continues to speak out for Native American rights and for the conservation of dwindling natural resources.

2. 23 birds is actually *Found Lost Bird Posters*, 1998, an artwork recently exhibited in the *1998 SECA Award* exhibition at SFMOMA. The piece is the artist's collection of 23, individually framed reward posters for lost birds.

It is not about defending my gene pool, or defending my political orientation, it is more about, "if this can happen to him, then it can happen to me," and it sounds like a bad idea. It seems a little harsh that someone can be in prison for so long because of his ideas. It doesn't seem like a good survival strategy to go by thinking that that is okay. More so than the particular views of the individuals. Even though I that I have a good deal of respect for what they have to say as well.

LP: Tell me about the 23 birds.[2] Were any found?

R99: I didn't call every single one of them; I called a couple of them. They hadn't been found, but other people had called. There are several things that excite me about those. One, the broadest one, is those flyers can be seen as an evolution from the wanted reward signs of the West. Often in the movies, the plot is moving along, then something terrible happens, a bank gets robbed, people get killed and the citizens come out and "bang, bang, bang" wanted signs go up. And as the people keep fucking up, the reward amount increases. I guess, that was just one hundred and some years ago. A hundred and some years later, you have citizens

going out and saying, "wanted, reward, my pet bird." It is interesting going from chasing after an individual that is a danger to society, to going after a lost relationship to nature. Even if it is a type of relationship with nature where an animal that you admire so much, find so beautiful because it can fly around is jailed in the corner of your house in order to allow your imagination to soar, to fly.

That is one aspect. The other one is seeing the flyers as cries of individuality and fragility and acknowledgement of loss. These are things that I find most absent here. It seems so hard to deal with loss. There is so much drive and emphasis on winning the race and moving forward. The Vietnam War Memorial is one of the best examples that I can think of that is an acknowledgement of loss.

LP: And individuality. Each name is listed.

R99: Right. So to be driving through this big, fairly big urban area in the United States, California, and find that people are still moved enough to come out of the closet and let the world know that their best friend is actually a bird, an immigrant from Africa. An African gray parrot is their best friend. What a trip. Also, [the birds] have such great navigational skill. I get lost a lot. I am like a chicken. It is very hard for me to think of a bird as being lost. They can survey the landscape. So it is a loss to the owner, but not that the birds are lost.

I asked a Native American friend if there was a particular story that he thought I should know about birds. He said that the presence of birds is a way for a lot of native people to measure the spiritual health of a community. If you wish for something, say a prayer and wish really hard, it could be love with someone, or something that you want to have happen, then if the wish is really strong, a bird is born, somewhere in the air from that wish. Birds around are signs of prayers, that prayers are alive in the community.

LP: What are some of your future projects or ones that are in process?

R99: One of them will deal with a similar issue as the SECA show, the role of the museum. Towards the end of the year, November, there will be a group show at the De Young Museum [in San Francisco]. The building is scheduled for demolition because of an earthquake problem. I'll be painting something on the façade of the building. The façade already has these built braces – I-beams and big concrete supports to uphold the façade. It is an exciting set up.

I am doing some work in Portland. Very much in the line of these works here – again an association with architecture. I am getting more attracted to the temporality of these projects. It makes it easier to go out and make a loud statement. In Portland, there are a lot of buildings scheduled for demolition in their light industrial district. I love that kind of architecture – the factories, the metal. I am hoping to do something on a building that will then get demolished.

LP: Kind of like the work of Matta-Clark.

R99: Yeah, but the idea is to incorporate time. I like really deadpan humor. If I tell a joke and it is really stupid, but maybe a couple minutes later it is really funny,

just because you were feeling stupid yourself. I treasure the possibility of doing that with work, of having the time element do that. To write the words "virtual reality" really big on a building that is an industrial building, and then the wreaking ball comes in and it is destroying what? The virtual reality or is it destroying the reality? Was the building not real, because it was to be demolished? Or was it virtual? So am I attaching virtual reality to a dying structure or a dying industry? Thirty thousand people a year a moving to Portland and with them a lot of the computer-related industries. [Oregon] also [has] a very high incarceration rate, as do most states, but they are very high.

LP: The population is very small in Oregon.

R99: Very small. I think they have 2% of their population in prison. So this "prisons/computer" is true there. Leonard Peltier actually lived in Portland for some time. He had an auto body shop there. So, I am contemplating the idea of mimicking the advertising process a step further, by having similar artwork happen in two cities. Maybe the bus project that didn't happen here will work there. Which would be interesting. A work that couldn't happen on the radical U.C. Berkeley campus would happen in Portland, a city in one of the most conservative states in the US.[3]

LP: What kind of process do you have to go though to get a piece approved? Are they only public pieces? What if it is on a private building?

R99: If it is on a private building and only private funds are involved then it only has to meet the city ordinances pertaining to public space. But if it is a commission from the city, then ... But those kinds of cautions and worries can happen from the private person as well.

LP: So it is not just governmental regulation.

R99: There is an overall sense that people are not equipped to deal with disturbing information. This is so bizarre. In the sixties, men with long hair could not go to Disneyland because it might freak the kids or something. That kind of mindset treats the customer as a child, treats customer as so frail that you have to grab them by the hand and sit them at the cash register. It is very bizarre. U.C. Berkeley thinks that it is okay to exist so close to San Quentin, where human beings are electrocuted, while in the pursuit of higher education. That's manageable, but to co-exist with the word "prisons" written on a bus going though campus, that's hard. It really seems, out of sight, out of mind. It is the kind of thing that Leonard Peltier suffered:
out of sight out of mind.
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Sky/Ground, 1998 (Courtesy of the artist)

3 U.C. Berkeley rejected Rigo's proposal to put the arrows *Prisons* and *Computers* on campus bus signage. The administrators feared backlash from the arrow containing the word "prisons" because it was pointing to the back of the bus. They thought that the artwork might be mistaken for indicating that people who sit at the back of the bus should be in prison.

from the concrete to the ephemeral: new york diary

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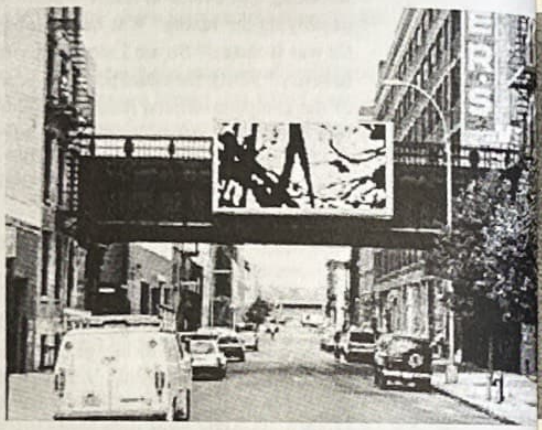

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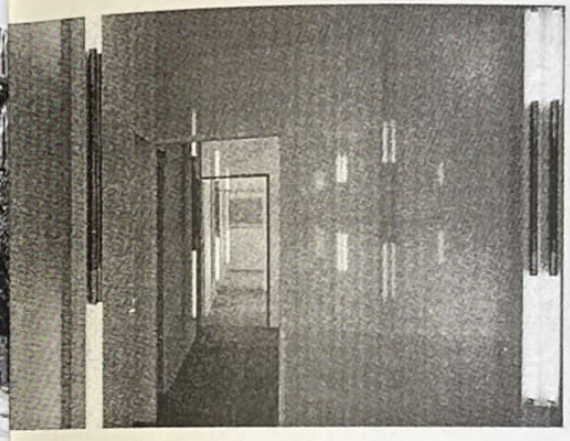

1. Looking towards the Dia Center, Chelsea.
2. Robert Irwin, *Excursus: Homasge to the Square*[1].
(Photo: Thibault Jeanson, Courtesy Dia Center for the Arts)

New York, mid-winter.

The streets are filled with a steady patter of New Balance sneakers hitting the pavement. The sky is white. Concrete jungle cliches swirl with dirty snow in the gutters. At the horizon, where it merges with the tops of the brownstones and skyscrapers, the sky is tinged with shades of gray.

I am in Chelsea – art gallery central, the next SOHO, and dubbed "the L.A. art world of the East Coast" for its "suburban" spread of individual showrooms in the area. The third floor of the Dia Center for the Arts in the heart of Chelsea is filled with the same fashion footwear and weighty gray light as the sidewalks outside. Robert Irwin's installation, the second part of a two-part sculpture, entitled *Part II: Excursus: Homage to the Square*[1], draws the wintry skies inside the concrete warehouse and holds them in a crystalline grid of fabric and fluorescent tube lamps. The gallery space is divided into cubes along the structural grid of the building by frames of white scrim. The semi-opacity of the scrims and the darker band of gray painted over the panels at eye level reduce the eye's area of focus. Except for the immediate space of the cubicle, everything else is out of focus. Any solid mass of the piece turns to vapor. On the ground floor, a collection of Joseph Beuy's sculptures, massive stacks of dark felt, are totemic. In contrast, Irwin's piece, although hazy in perception, is engaging and clear.

Often I find that photographs of Irwin's work are too quiet and too reverent. The simple details are removed from the messiness of media and culture. I read Pop meanings into the fluorescent tubes; I think of office park Americana. But at the Dia I was spellbound. There are corridors of clear vision where openings lead from chamber to chamber. These long perspectives are in start contrast to the hazy flatness of the scrims. It is the real versus the unreal.

Murky sunlight makes its way through the warehouse-paned windows set in one wall. The sunny spot and the shadows of mullions land on the white scrim and almost diagram the array of white grids with tubes of light color within the space. According to the catalog notes, the subtle tonal variation of light in *Excursus* is Irwin's homage to the phenomenological color studies of Joseph Albers' abstract paintings. Each of the scrim cubes is a slightly different hue. Irwin's reference to Albers' optical experiments links Irwin's piece to the chain of twentieth-century abstract art.

Further uptown the light remains cold and flat. Inside the Museum of Modern Art, Phillip Johnson's sculpture garden is misted in ice. Black wire Eames chairs stand, like eager crocuses, ready for the spring thaw. Upstairs is where the action is: the Jackson Pollock retrospective is in full swing.

Life-size blow-ups of the 1949 *Life Magazine* photographs stand at the top of the escalators. White T-shirt. Black Levi's. Photographic black drips of paint and white canvas launch the exhibit.

A crowd mills though the early Cubist composition studies and surrealist sketches. The museum headsets tell the story of a long build-up to a short career. The galleries are filled to maximum capacity of color and humanity. The mink coats and the thrown paint here are a far cry from the artily minimal street at 23rd and 11th where the Dia hides cloaked in warehouse chic.

The large mural Pollock painted for Peggy Guggenheim's apartment is a reminder of Clement Greenberg's New York. Where rugged men swilled whisky in the galleries and abstraction was in the air. In the MOMA this year, the crowds stand within the same white walls and in white-lit streets as fifty years earlier.

Nostalgically, the small barn in which Pollock painted is lovingly recreated. A whole segment of popular culture, from the fifties to present, stands represented.

Pollock's early drip experiments are reminiscent of Formica counter tops in divey coffee shops and the red, yellow, and blue paint-spattered T-shirt I had in junior high which read "I'd rather be a starving artist." Pollock's work is visual shorthand for abstract art. His success made Abstract Expressionism a household name. Even while works of Willem de Kooning and Barnett Newman are unknown or unpalatable to Middle America, the "drip guy" lives on. His role as King of the Action Painters comes from the films of Hans Namuth, also shown as part of the retrospective. Set to a be-bop soundtrack, the film is of Pollock in action, slinging paint. It is both violent and pretty, very American.

Yet, there are moments in the exhibit where the abstractions of paint dripped on canvas escape the concrete realities of the galleries and become ephemeral. Pollock's canvas, *Lavender Mist, Number I, 1950* is a vapor of paint. His technique of layering wet paint over wet paint allows for a blending of color at the edges of each line creating lyrical filigrees. The lines are echoed with halos. The gestures are full of light. Defying the stereotype of Pollock's paintings, the canvas is not about flatness. There is space and infinite depth in the layers of paint.

The exhibit is curated chronologically past the fog of *Lavender Mist, Number I, 1950* and *Autumn Rhythm, Number 30, October 1950* and traces the slash and burn end of Pollock's career until his death in a drunken car accident on Fireplace Road in 1956. But in the few paintings at the height of Pollock's talent, his depth and lightness in a single plane is parallel with the haze of Irwin's piece at the Dia Center. The receding skeins of Pollock's paint and the hazy perspectives in Irwin's piece are similar. In both works there is transcendence from the physical, concrete space of the gallery. Found in the scrims and within the canvas is a foggy play of gray and white that matches the color of a New York winter sky.
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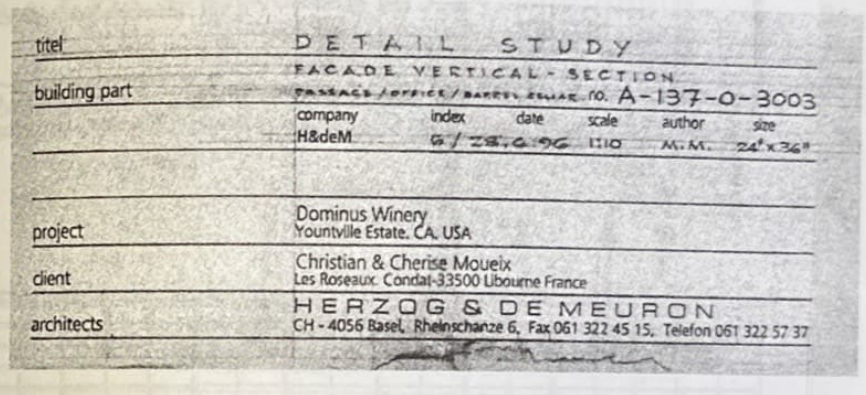

a wall of stones

Several months ago *loud paper* contacted Dominus Winery inquiring about a tour of its facilities, the first building by Herzog & de Meuron completed in the United States. The winery is built to resemble a transparent wall of stones and we were anxious to view for ourselves the play of light and shadow created by the façade which is so tempting in photographs. At that time we were referred to a local office of H & deM. While we didn't hear anything back from the office for some time, a mysterious package arrived "Priority Post" from Basel, Switzerland. The tube, a bit worse for wear, contained a number of detail studies and a few schematic plans and sections of the winery, some of which are reproduced here.
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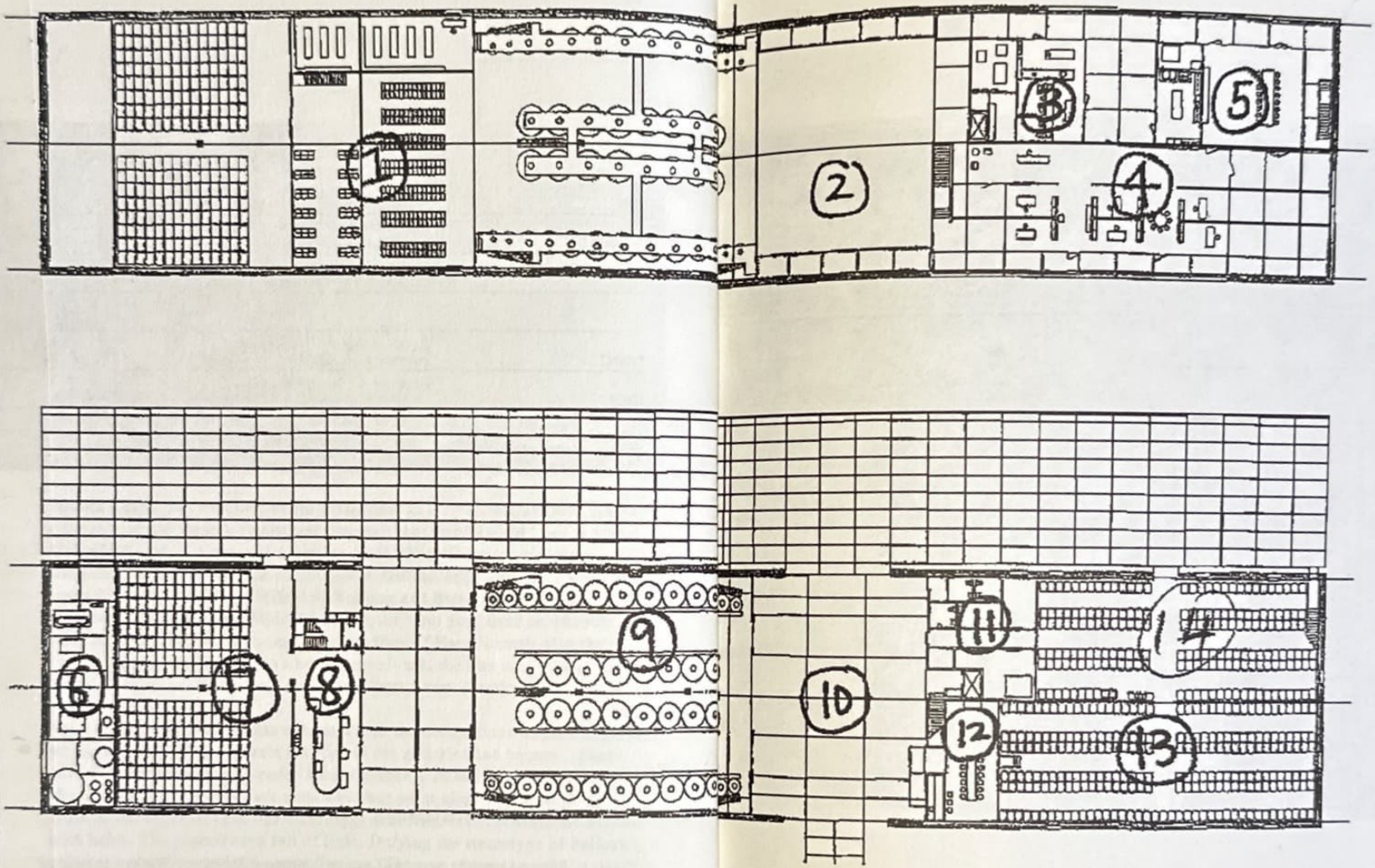

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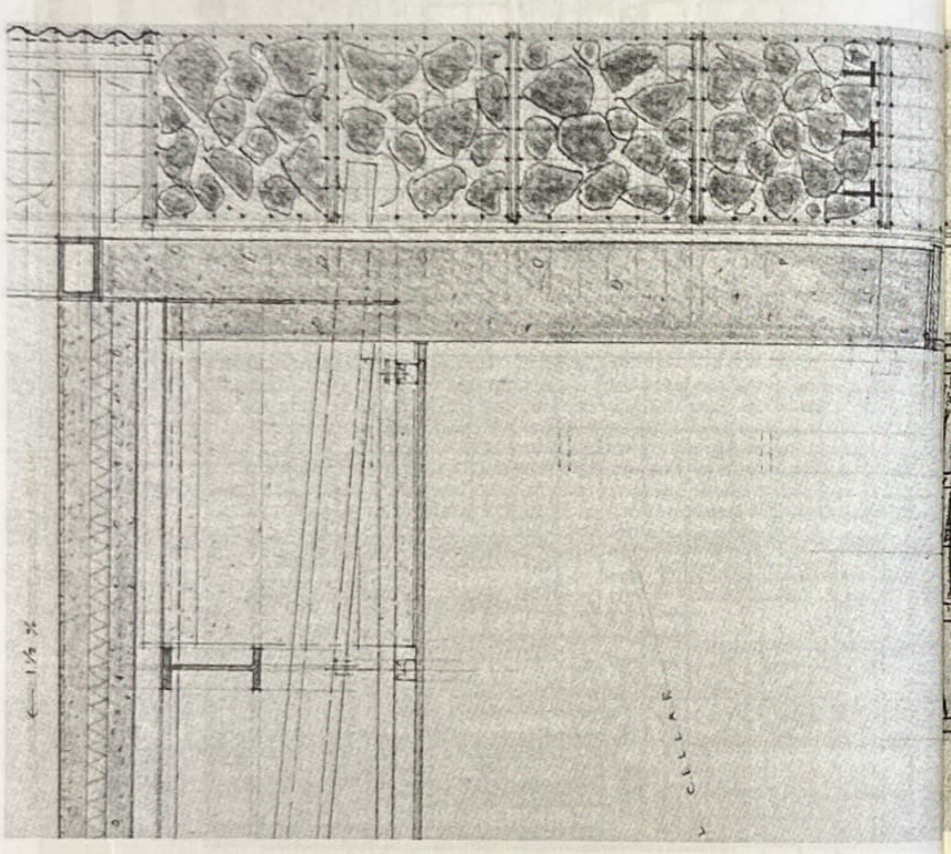
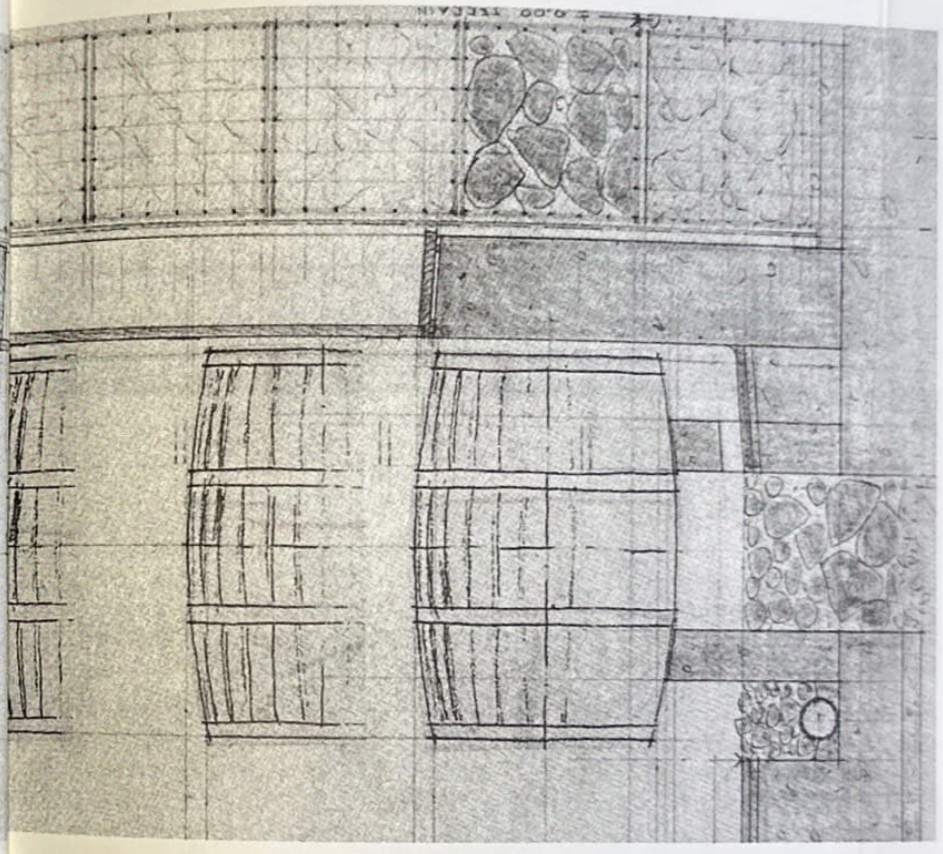
4= OFFICES
5= class ROOM / ~~DINER~~ DINING RM
6= PLANT ROM (OUTDOOR)
7= STORAGE
8= BOTTLIN
9= TANK ROM
10= ARCH
11= CELLAR MASTER
12= TASTING ROOM
13= BARREL CELLAR 1ST YEAR
14= BARREL C. 2ND YEAR

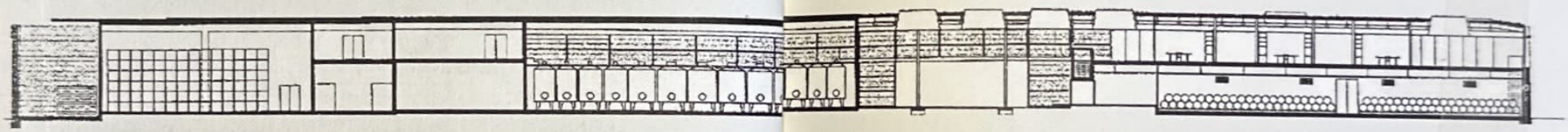




Dominus Winery
Yountville, Napa Valley, California

architects: **Jacques Herzog, Pierre de Meuron**
project: **1995 realization: 1996-98**
client: **Christian Moueix + Cherise Chen-Moueix**

preceding page: annotated floor plans.
this page: detail study of *gabions* (wire containers filled with stones) at façade.



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longitudinal section

B.R.M.C.– Demo, **Formerly known as the Elements, the San Francisco Bay Area-based Black Rebel Motorcycle Club (B.R.M.C.) have just released a demo of new material. The thirteen tracks on this disc showcase the mature songwriting of band kingpins Peter Hayes (guitar/bass/vox) and Robert Turner (bass/guitar/vox). Nick Jago completes the triangle of this powerful three-piece with his superb drumbeats and percussion. Their sedate, dreamy sound will surprise you with catchy, dead-on licks and cascading bass lines: silvery, sexy modern psychedelia. There is just something indescribable about the tone of a Gibson hollowbody through a Fender Twin Reverb, especially when coupled with intelligent use of effects pedals as it is done here.**

Obvious influences include early Jesus & Mary Chain, Ride, Slowdive, the Cult circa *Love*, Spacemen 3, the Cure, the Stone Roses, and Joy Division. Playing with the Brian Jonestown Massacre for a good part of '97 seems to have rubbed off on Hayes in a good way, particularly on the Stonesy-Dylany track "Screaming Gun", which BJM *uber mensch* Anton Newcombe shares songwriting credits with Hayes and Turner. Make no mistake – despite all of their apparent influences after the first few listens, soon enough their music emerges as having a sound that is no one's but their own. These guys are for real and I recommend with all my body and soul that you check this band out whether it be getting their album or going to a show. This is the kind of music that can change your life. (Ryan Van Luchene)

For more information on the band and how to obtain a copy of their demo (hurry 'cos they only pressed 500!) check out their web page at http://tinpan.fortunecity.com/bassey/659/index.html. Or email them at itsagas137@aol.com.

THE LADYBUG TRANSISTOR – The Albemarle Sound (Merge Records)
I first listened to this record on a spring day when all the cherry blossoms were in bloom throughout Berkeley. It's a beautiful, whimsical record that imagines *Sergeant Pepper*'s-era Beatles painting Brian Wilson's lush soundscapes. The band has added more members since *Beverly Anatole*, it's last record, and the sound is even richer. The Ladybug Transistor pour equal parts piano, flute, vocal harmonies, clarinet, mandolin, trumpet, 12 string guitar and big, parade-like bass drum thuds into a tall pitcher, they mix with ice and invite the listener to sit back and drink it on the porch.

It's not quite psychedelic, but similar to post-psychedelia AM radio transistor songs that soundtracked neighborhood pools in the early 70s. *The Albermarle Sound* has more in common with the Mamas and the Papas and the Association than with Hendrix or Cream. (JX)

THE REVELERS – Day In, Day Out (spinART) **This is pure power pop for the Clarks Desert Boot and parka set. I've probably listened to the second song, "Detroit Bridge," over 20 times since this arrived in the mail. It's absolute reckless pop with flailing drums and crashing power chords in the tradition of early Who songs like "Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere." The next track is called "Always Lit" and has a New Wave keyboard and floor-tom sound that's straight from Josie Cotton's appearance as the leader of the prom house band in the movie *Valley Girl*. The rest of the album melds 60s British Invasion with 80s New Wave perfectly. (JX)**

LOOPER – Up a Tree (Sub Pop) ***Up a Tree*** sounds like eating a Neapolitan ice cream sandwich. Flavors pink, brown and yellow come together in a sweet treat. The record is the same way, a layering of sugary pop loops, rhythms beat out on typewriter keys or songs punctuated by children's laughter, and finally, Stuart David's deep Scottish voice. Each of the layers is distinct, but they meld to create a beautiful and quite catchy album. The melancholy stories told by David are made more poignant by the touch of an airy flute or a harmonica on "impossible things #2." Lyrics like "there are days that catch the light, days like diamonds," from "burning flies," make you catch your breath, like you have been out in the wind too long, but the undercurrent of a thick baseline makes you want to dance, not drift away. (MZ)

PEANUT BUTTER WOLF – My Vinyl Weighs A Ton (Stones Throw)
This record is a model for a hip hop release: a good balance between beats/lyrics and skills/scratching cleverly connected with personable interludes. Peanut Butter Wolf was dubbed thus by his ex-girlfriend's brother after an imaginary monster. He existed in duo form with rapper Charizma until the rapper's untimely death a few years back. Since that time, PBW has laid low, producing some tracks and doing several DJ tours. He also held up in his home studio where he worked on this full-length effort. Peanut Butter shows off his exhaustive record collection and takes the cake for the quirkiest interludes of the year which include a phone call from Biz Markie wanting to trade 45's and a short kazoo jaunt with Grandmaster Zest. He pulls off a Herculean feat with "Tale of Five Cities" showcasing over ten world famous DJs including the Beat Junkies, Xecutioners, and Cut Chemist all on one surprisingly listenable track. (Stones Throw Records, 3555 S El Camino Real #320, San Mateo, CA 94430; Web www.stonesthrow.com) (Karen Dere)

SOURCE DIRECT – Exorcise the Demons (Science/Astralwerks)
Jim Baker and Phil Aslett, collectively known as Source Direct, first met in school in St. Albans, England. After a series of single and EP releases throughout the nineties, they released an EP on the Metalheadz label which lead to a deal with Science. Although their influences may lie in hip-hop and techno, they have stripped down those elements to the absolute barest of beats and looped basslines. The result is a tremendously dark breed of drum n bass. Like their mentor, Photek, Source Direct include martial arts imagery in the music. Each track is the exorcism of a different demon, particularly "Techinical Warfare" where you can hear the battle unfolding in sound. At a time when few take risks, Source Direct is pushing the envelope. (KD)

THE APPLES In Stereo – Her Wallpaper Reverie (spinART)
This concept album traces a character named Ruby as she drifts through watery dreams while staring at the wallpaper in her room. The fifth song, "Strawberry Fire," contains the line, "Took a trip on a stereo song," which sums up the whole record. THE APPLES In Stereo play fanciful, psychedelic pop with melodies added onto each other so that they explore stereophonic sound much in the same way that stereo-pioneers Pink Floyd did back in the 60s. It's a lush sound that hangs around candied melodies like sunlit scrim.

Her Wallpaper Reverie features seven songs and eight instrumental interludes. Each song is layered with watery sounds, handclaps, synthesizers, toy pianos, extra-reverbed vocals, jangling guitars and scores of tape loops. The songs seem like effortless romantic gestures amongst the fidgety, instrumental tracks which last a few seconds and serve as eerie points of pause before the reverie continues, beading and steaming like rain streaking down a window. (JX)

PINHEAD GUNPOWDER – Shoot the Moon (Adeline Records)
Pinhead Gunpowder lyricist/drummer/cover artist Aaron Cometbus is well known in 'zinedom for his super-caffinated writings in Cometbus. He's well known in punkdom for his stints in bands such as Sweet Baby and the immortal Crimpshrine. Taken as a whole, Cometbus' lyrics and writings about his wandering lifestyle and the simple joys in life's minutiae show why he just might be the closest thing to Walt Whitman that America has seen in the last 100 years.

The songs on this EP are the sort of amphetamined buzz pop that are as quintessentially Berkeley as bungalows, polar fleece in July and Telegraph Ave.'s own Mediterraneum Caffé. The band is a part-time project consisting of Billie Joe Armstrong, Jason White, Aaron Cometbus and Bill Schneider from other local acts, but when they get together as Pinhead Gunpowder, they create pure pop punk that is underproduced, jubilant and infectious. This seven song EP is short, but the songs will stay with you for days. Cometbus and guitarist White write lyrics that detail growing old, unrequited love, diving onto hedges, staying up late and going for long walks.

My favorite lyric is "someone stole my anger/Someone stole my girl and left me with a cold shoulder/ Sluggo said, How can someone steal from you/ Something that you never owned?/ I said, yeah, It's a damn good trick" Lyrics like these make it the kind of record to play all night when you are talking with your friends over bottled beer. And it is an even better record to keep playing as the sun comes up. (JX)

intern at large

Here at *loud paper* we have been noticing Target's attempt to shake up their image with a new print ad campaign, so when the Michael Graves Designs line was announced, we felt the need to send Laurel Charles to the local Target to see what gives. Also, in keeping with our continuing pursuit of architecture and pop culture, she reviews *Fallingwater, Wright in the Third Dimension*, the coolest thing to hit the *loud paper* offices in years, all two of them.

When the sliding automatic doors opened up and I stepped into the air-conditioned luxury of my local Target store, I braced myself for the worst. Finding a space in the parking lot had been hard enough, but being faced with aisle after aisle of consumer goods wrapped in *eau de* nacho cheese was doing a lot more for *loud paper* than was allotted in my intern job description. I was on a mission, though. The task at hand: to find the Michael Graves-designed housewares and give reconnaissance. My suspicion was that Michael Graves was brought in to the Target family to create a showcase line of well-designed products to lift the perception of chain store from grin-and-bear-it staples to exciting must-haves.

I had no problem tracking down Graves' Postmodern picture frames and candleholders. Huge banners over the section announced "Michael Graves Design™." His face and signature were placed on every last tag of every last vase, teapot, and slotted spoon. A trade-show-style display featured the designs and proclaimed that they were "the balance of form and function." While some of the products were both nicely designed and well priced, for example a brushed aluminum alarm clock or bud vase, other products took on character-istic that were just plain odd. An entire selection of candleholders, cake plates, picture frames and table lamps were reminiscent of Graves' work for Disney. Each item, ostensibly taking a cue from Mickey Mouse's shoes, was supported by a tripod of what can be best described as antiqued metal turds. In the kitchenware department, cooking pots and utensils had bulbous metal and rubber handles that were functionally off-balance and felt like holding a large Roma tomato in your hand. The $39.95 toaster and reworked Allessi teapot did stick out in the collection as cute interpretations of contemporary classics.

Target's image has been revamped in the last year. The print ad campaign in the *New York Times Sunday Magazine* continues to catch my eye. The company is obviously positioning itself as the source for attractive items at an affordable price; they are, as their web page puts it, "putting the fun in functional." The Graves items were thoroughly picked over and mostly sold out, so the shoppers must be responding.

But the Graves marketing campaign didn't hold my attention for long. Black, rubber utensils from OXO were hung on an adjacent wall. These products, which recently won an award from *I.D.* magazine, are functionally astute and their industrial aesthetic is quite pleasing. The OXO utensils could actually be hung from kitchen hooks, while the Graves products were designed to only fit in the Graves-designed utensil holder, or stuck in a drawer. In an Iron Chef cook off, I would much rather have the OXO whisks and ladles by my side. For the same price, they were infinitely better ergonomically for spooning escarole or tuna casserole.

By this time my infatuation with Target was growing greater and greater. I ooh-ed and ah-ed over Japanese rice bowls in sea foam green glaze. In fact, there was a whole Zen-inspired line of china with a design that I thought only existed in the boutique stores in the area. I admired the metal motel chairs in lime green which retail for only $29. They rested next to plastic patio-ware colored orange, purple and blue. They had all the makings for a Luau, Gidget-style.

The most impressive display, however, was the Bodum line in the housewares section. Rows of color and sleek design caught my eye and I immediately picked up a slim, minimal pitcher in white plastic that I knew was coming home with me. A shopper passing by commented on how ugly the purple plastic trays were, but she ended up buying one in white because it was a "good value" at $1.99. We were at the check out together. I told her that Bodum was a very cool company from Switzerland. She didn't care. She just wanted something easy to clean for outdoor use.

This is the crux of my idea of perfect design: affordable, functional and beautiful. My fellow Target shopper bought the Bodum tray for the value. I thought it looked cool. In the end, I walked out of Target with a $6.29 Bodum pitcher realizing that the store was, despite, rather than because of Graves, getting design to the people. Now the question is, where'd I park my car?

Painting you can see, you can get it with your eye; music you can hear; but a building you must *experience*.
– Frank Lloyd Wright, 1953

I have yet to make my pilgrimage to Bear Run so, up until this point, Fallingwater has only existed for me in the limited number of photographs and drawings. But, *Fallingwater, Wright in the Third Dimension,* put out by View Productions, has changed my perception of this canonical classic. I'm not referring to a book, but a 3D View-Master with 3 discs of images that cover the interior, the exterior and details of the house.

This is definitely one of the coolest things I've ever seen. It's whimsical, yet educational and the three-dimensional views of such details as the plunge pool and the absolutely incredible Hindu goddess Parvati on the bridgeway yield an amazing perspective of the building. Other minute details of the construction, like the slide, "Desk in the West Bedroom," where the desk is cut away in a semi-circle in order to let the window open, add to the experience of actually visiting the site.

There is a childlike thrill of holding the black plastic View-Master toy up to your eyes. I half expected Dumbo not Fallingwater in focus, but the project is neither kitsch nor cutesy. The discs are packaged in a plastic floppy disc case with a foldout booklet that features drawings, an introduction to the building, and little slots into which the discs slide neatly. The whole thing fits together perfectly.

Fallingwater, Wright in the Third Dimension also fills a unique place in architectural representation and preservation. Presently, steel beams and columns, which were added in 1997, are propping up the building; a fact that the View-Master slides makes no attempt to mask. News reports of the concrete floors sagging up to 6 inches have been circulating. It is unclear what future renovations or reconstructions of Fallingwater might arise, but the 3D slides are a witness to a moment in architectural history. View-Master toys were always the ultimate souvenirs to take home from Disneyland or Sea World. They were a way of keeping memories of places you've been.

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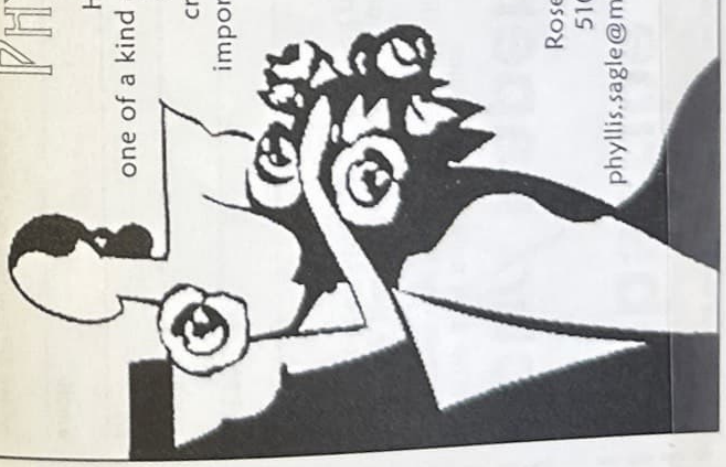

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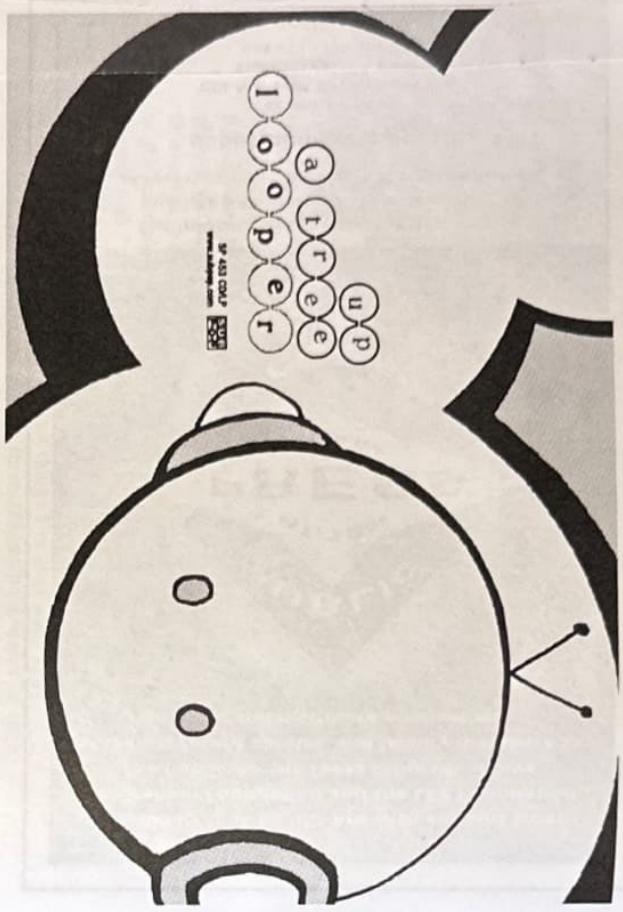

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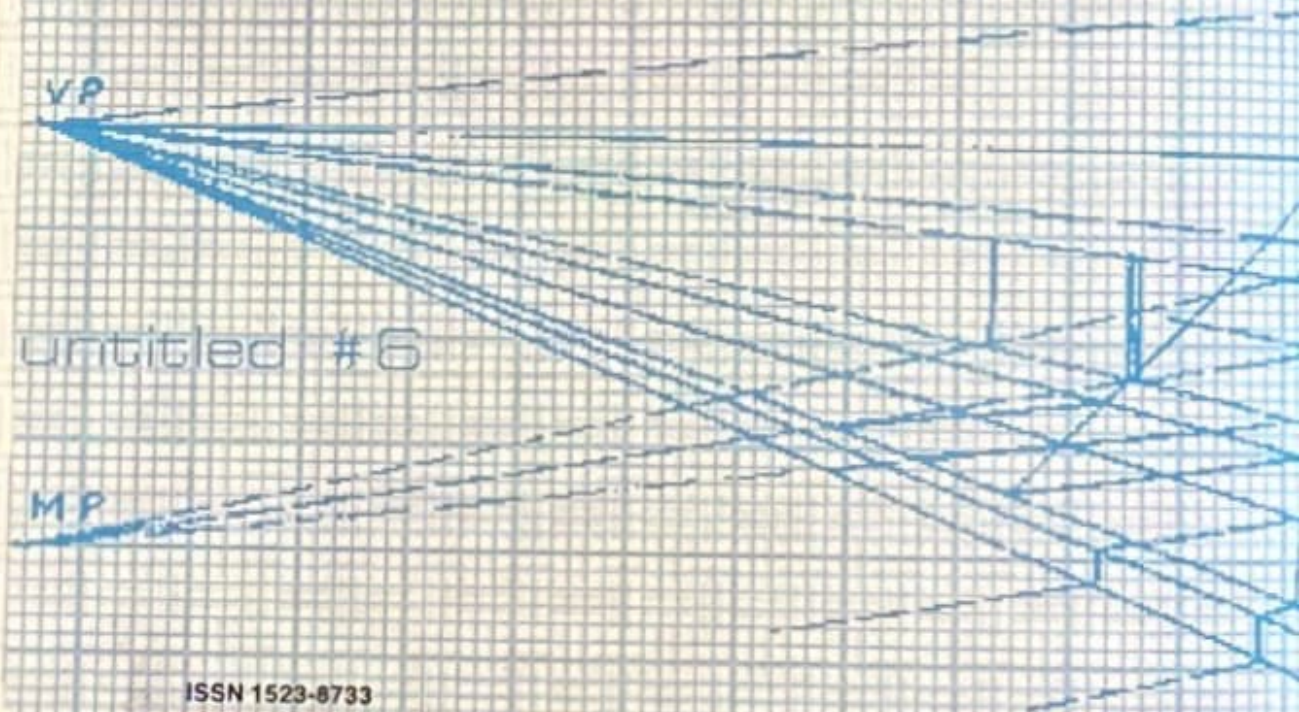

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